

led him to Christ, gave him no such injunction. If war then was permissible to Christians, how much more when "Old Glory" has been unfurled to stop the shooting and drowning of women and children ruthlessly in mid-ocean and, as a Swiss paper says, "For the welfare of all humanity"?

The New Testament and the Old Agree.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," is not a mere prophecy of how men would do. It occurs where God was saying human life was so sacred, "At the hands of every beast will I require it and at the hands of every man." Gen. 9:5. The sheriff does this and we endorse. An army is but a multitude of sheriffs to safeguard human lives and property. "If a thief be found breaking up and be smitten that he die, there shall no blood be shed for him; if the sun be risen upon him, there shall be blood shed for him, for he should make full restitution." Ex. 22:2-3. A man, therefore, can even take life defending his own home, unless daylight has come so the apprehended thief will make "restitution." Every man, not warped by prejudice or softened beyond Bible standards by a sickly and unpractical sentimentalism, can justify this war. Our rights have been invaded, our ships have been sunk by the score, our women and children knowingly destroyed at sea by the hundreds. And all efforts to make the "thief" practice "restitution" and stop the "breaking up" have been of not the slightest avail. In doing otherwise would we not seem to "have denied the faith and become worse than an infidel" because we "provide not for our own"?

A Menace to the World's Liberty

is what we have joined in the fight against—a menace that without exaggeration can be reckoned full brother to the Mongols and vandals of other days. What shall be thought of a nation whose leaders are thus writing and whose acts are proving the government to be in sympathy with such utterances? "Lead us not into the temptation of letting our wrath

be too tame in carrying out Thy divine judgments. . . . The Germans are the first before the throne of God . . . Germany is the center of God's plans for the world. . . . The German soul is God's soul; it shall and will rule over mankind. . . . War is the noblest and holiest expression of human activity. . . . The small nations have no right of existence and ought to be swallowed up. . . . It is moral, inasmuch as it is reasonable, that small states in spite of treaties should become the prey of the strongest. . . . Between states there is only one force of right, the right of the strongest. . . . It is impossible that a state should commit a crime. . . . I cannot recognize any other source of right than force. . . . You remain, when you teach what is contrary to your conviction, none the less an honest man." These quotations gathered by a Danish theologian and by Dampierre, a Frenchman, who gives book title and page from their German authorities, could be multiplied indefinitely. A nation that has cherished such notions for years and now is actually on a rampage for world dominion it is our duty to assist in putting into an iron cage to make the world safe while its reason and moral nature are regaining their equilibrium. For truly Irvin S. Cobb's "Prussian Paranoia" was not an overstatement of the case. And in the meantime we can be hoping, as real Christians fondly hoping for the day when we can assist the German people to the blessings of liberty.

THE REASON.

A little girl was asked why she and her little sister always seemed so happy together. "I s'pose it's because Addie lets me and I let Addie." Can you think of any better way?—Olive Plants.

Don't do anything till you do it, and then when you have done it, stop doing it.

Don't worry about what people say of you. Think what might happen if they were mind readers.

Our Boys and Girls

DOCTOR SUNSHINE.

"Course I'm going to be a doctor when I grow up," declared Tom. "I guess my Uncle Robert's a doctor, and I'm going to be just every bit like him when I grow up."

"Then if you're going to be a doctor," broke in his Uncle Robert, "you're just the little boy I'm looking for."

He took an orange from his overcoat pocket. "Put that in your case," he said, "and then put on your hat and go down the street till you come to a small gray house with green shutters. A little boy lives there who has a broken leg. Give him the orange and see if you can make him laugh."

Tom trudged off in great delight. It was a long time before he came back, but when he did he was so happy that his eyes shone.

"Well, Dr. Sunshine, how do you like it?" asked his uncle.

"Oh, I'm going every day till he's well," Tom cried.

"I shall have to put Tom under the seat of my automobile," laughed the doctor, "and when my patients are cross I will bring Dr. Sunshine in to smile at them."—Ex.

BENNY'S VICTORY.

"See what I've found, mamma!"

Benny's eager little feet almost tripped over each other as they hurried up the steps. His mother sat upon the piazza sewing. Benny had been playing expressman out in the yard. Occasionally his mother found time to stop from her work long enough to take in some package which the little expressman had to deliver.

Just as he was lifting a box from his wagon that he had labeled "handle with care," Benny saw something glisten on the ground. He picked it up and found it to be a new penny, and right there at his feet were three more—four bright new pennies! How Benny's eyes sparkled! He had four more in his pocket that he had earned doing errands. Now he had eight pennies already for the Fourth of July. No wonder that his mother raised anxious eyes to see what was coming.

"I found them right down by the gate!" cried breathless Benny, holding them out in his chubby hand. "Now, I've got eight pennies. I can have two bunches of fire-crackers. Hurrah for Fourth of July!"

"When I find anything I always try to dis-

cover an owner before I claim it as mine," his mother suggested.

Benny's face clouded. "May I have them if I don't find an owner?" he asked.

"Certainly. If no one claims the money it will then belong to you," his mother replied.

Benny ran away with a beaming face jingling his new-found treasure in his hand. He could almost hear the snapping of that extra bunch of firecrackers the pennies would buy. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket for the other four. He wanted to see them all together. Then the sparkle died out of his face. The pocket was empty. He hurried back to his mother.

"I can't find my other pennies, mamma," he faltered, with a catch in his voice.

"Where were they, dear?" his mother asked.

"In my pocket," Benny answered; and down went his hand for another hunt.

"Let me feel," said his mother, laying aside her sewing and slipping a couple of fingers into Benny's pocket. Then a smile broke over her face. "A pocket with a hole in it is not a very safe place for pennies," she remarked.

"D—do you s'pose I've lost 'em?" Two great tears were rolling down Benny's cheeks.—"I am afraid so," his mother admitted. "But I also think you have found them again," she assured him, pointing to the four bright pennies in his hand.

"And I've only got four, after all," Benny responded, ruefully. "I guess that is what Uncle John would call a disappointment, isn't it, mamma?" he asked, bravely, winking back a couple of tears that the thought of the extra bunch of firecrackers he could not now have had started.

"Yes, dear, that is just what it is," affirmed his mother. "You have found some money, and now you have lost the same amount, which leaves you no richer than you were before. But disappointments may be turned to blessings if we so choose," she went on to say, "and the person who resolves to make the best of a disappointment and put it from his mind is a victor."

"I thought victors wore shoulder straps like Uncle John did when he came home from the Spanish war," Benny argued. He couldn't quite understand how just losing something and then trying to forget it was to make him a splendid victor like his Uncle John.

"Not all victors wear epaulettes. I have known some to wear very shabby clothing, for every one who conquers a temptation or a fault is a victor over that temptation or fault. It isn't always necessary to go to war to gain a victory," Benny's mother explained.

Benny had always greatly admired his Uncle John. He would give a good deal to be like him. A victor was brave. Uncle John was brave. Oh, how he wished—

Suddenly a smile broke over his face. He would be one of those shabbily-dressed victors his mother had spoken of. He would be contented with his one bunch of firecrackers and forget all about the other bunch he had hoped to have.

"Hurrah! I'm a victor—a brave victor like Uncle John!" he shouted, marching up and down the piazza. "I'm a ragged victor with a hole in my pocket! But I don't believe I shall put any money in that pocket again until it is mended," he added, with a shrewd smile.—Ex.

FEARLESS AND HONEST.

A Scotch lad arrived in London, and had only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well Sandy," said a fellow passenger, who